

upon him while
He is near

No. 11

S CANNOT WAIT
to trust in Thee
all things new,
to subdue
battle's blazing heat,
and blood would quail,
I trust and still repeat
cannot fail.

a conclusion for a commemo-
and the coming of many.
to have Mrs. President Carter
ome League Ministry Spiritual
uesday. Her message was ca-
ful to a degree. and it is ap-
ere that we also had a short
Meeting led by the Secretary.
gave a text from the Bible. One
k is chosen to give a five minute
the finds. This code for a deep
scripture, for we have the text
one week, and "If the next,
h blessing is the result. This
p that we should live to pass on
other Leagues. —R.M.R.

the 1st. Wednesday 7.30.
chance of the Meetings, which
ed. It did us good to see the
ing part. There were splendid
od spirit prevailed all day; one
ered.

was the occasion of the Prize-
the children sat down in a good
erly much enjoyed. Following
th entertained the children splen-
dour roars of laughter, but never-
same fine object lesson.

e distribution of prizes—sixty-
the Meeting was closed by the
on we extend an invitation to

KENORA
Mrs. Whitfield. We are still
although the Crusade is over as
dates are concerned we are still
reading the good news. All day
wonderful times. The message
in the Holiness Meeting was of
inspiration to all, as was Mrs.
eggs in the Salvation Meeting.
Friday night we had College
comes of Brother and Sister Har-
and Sister Hoag's respectively.
gatherings, had a happy time.

PORT ARTHUR
Mrs. Leighton. A splendid
era and Adherents on Thursday
new Officers, Captain and Mrs.
new converts rallied up well, and
"make-yourself-at-home" Meet-
ing of which was the great Crusade
was a real Free-and-Easy gather-
in spite of the very weather, and
which was blowing. There was a
session at the Holiness Meeting in
very nice, and when we young
for the blessing of Sanctification.
well-attended meeting (pre-ach-
ed) comrades took active part, the
was a time of refreshing. One
of the Sunday Meetings was the
which seemed to have gripped
pledged to the support of the
work for the Salvation of souls.

1880 — Walter
Urwin. Age 56.
medium height, fair
hair and complexion.
Native of Bitching
near Hasebeck in Sax-
ony, England. Is
butcher by trade.
Sister enquiring.

1901 — Adolf Zim-
mer. Born Nov. 19,
1892, in Tutleben,
Westphalia, Prussia.
Last heard of in
Winnipeg, 1914. Fe-
ther very fit and
worried.

Groundwater. Born known to
in May 1921. Age 20, very dark
at 5 ft. 7 in. hair brown and thin
will be to his advantage to com-
is father at Lewisville, N. B. who
low. Address Harlow, Ground-
waterland Co. N. B.

Shales. Age 64. Height 5 ft. 10
in. blue grey eyes. com-
at Wolverhampton. Went to
Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1913.
anxious.

Kirk Tewley. Age 55. Height 5 ft.
own hair, now cut short. Through
took up land in the Burnt
it River. Served in
Anyone knowing where
brother, J. H. T. York-

Looking for food?
week me, and find me when you
me with all your heart, and
of you, with the Lord.

SPECIAL CANDIDATES' DAY ISSUE!

THE WAR CRY



WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



"O GOD, DO IT AGAIN!"

Nottingham, England, is the Methodist Chapel where William Booth, the Founder of The Salvation Army, was converted. A memorial tablet keeps fresh in recollection the fact that our glorified hero here received his baptism of spiritual power.

Naturally, the chapel has become a shrine of pilgrimage for Salvationists from around the world. One day, an aged colored man, in the uniform of The Army, was found by the minister standing with uplifted eyes before the tablet.

"Can a man say his prayers here?" he asked.

"Of course," was the reply, "a man can say his prayers here."

And the old Army man went down on his knees, and lifting up his hands before the tablet, prayed, "O God, do it again! Do it again!"

There are young Salvationists the world over who think of the young man who, over eighty years ago, was standing out in the street, preaching to the eager crowds, little dreaming that he was laying the

foundations of a work which would result in tens of thousands turning to God.

And to-day young men and women the world over are praying the old colored man's prayer—"O God, do it again! Do it again!" and He is answering their cry—making them warriors in His Army; soul winners in His Kingdom.

What is the cry of your heart? What is the yearning of your soul? What is your plan for your life? Is it a mere idle purposelessness—nothing at all in sight? For the sake of the perishing souls around you, for the sake of the women and children for the sake of the man—will you not think on these things? Not only know the Unseen as a Friend for your own heart, but as a Christ for all mankind, and, then filled with the passion of that knowledge, pray as the old man did—"O God, do it again!" And He Who made William Booth a soul-winner, will do the same for, and with you.

I AM
Training to
Name _____
Address _____
Corps.. _____
Fill up
local Corps

3rd Psalm as Interpreted by a Native Indian

Great Father above is a
3rd Chief. I am His, and
am I want not, He throws
me a rope, and the name
rope is love, and He
me to where the grass is
and the water not dan-
d, and I eat and I lie down
d. Sometimes my heart
d weak, and falls down,
d lifts it up again, and
me into a good road. His
is Wonderful.

etime, it may be very
it may be longer, it may
e, long time, He will draw
to a place between the
ains. It is dark there,
will not draw back,
afraid not, for it is there,
in these mountains, that
epherd Chief will meet
d the hunger I have felt
heart through this life
satisfied. Sometimes he
the love rope into a whip,
towards He gives me a
e lean upon.

presents a table before me
d of kinds of food. He
his hands upon my head,
he "tired" is gone. My
e fills till it runs over,
t I tell you is true. I lie
these roads that are away
will stay with me through
e, and afterwards I will
live in the "Big Teepee"
d down with the Shepherd
forever.—H.S.R.

wish to be a Smith—by blowing the fire

the successful business men of
all-century began their careers
ring what are called "menial"
the ex-Mayor of our native city
by sweeping out the office
parking. If you turn up your
re-blowing you'll never put up
John Jones, Blacksmith.

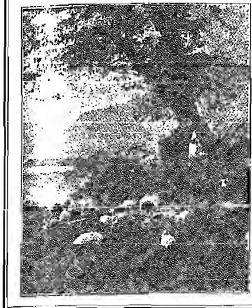
service well done prepares the
larger duties successfully. pre-
Samuel, busy in the Temple;
a sheep-tender, Joseph as a
Daniel as a captive, Paul as a
Luther as a singer—all by
lity prepared themselves for the
ly service to which the Lord
d glory called them. Then he
bellows-handling, and blow
we're worth.

ey Him Now

you are is enough to torment
e through time and eternity,
you have caused others to be
tute the multitude of spectres
haunt the memory as long as
casts. That was the memory
ented Dives in the flames of

and not listen, and so they both
Lord, in love to His followers,
e to prevent them from falling.
Let us ever heed His warning,
e He saved much sorrow.
Matthew 23:33-36—"Not as
it as Thou wilt."—While the
slept the Saviour agonized in
d conquered. So when His
ame to arrest Him. He was
meet them in the strength He
gave Him. "The Saviour can
each to say, "Not my will, but
one," and to find what Madame
led "the peace that lies in an
orrow."

y, Matthew 23:37—"Then
disciples follow Him, and
thus forsaken I sit alone, the
ced the coming of Jesus of
seeming failure of His whole
k. Someone has said: "The
reat soul is how He faces failure
it calmly and in sublime
not merely because He
because He was a man walking
h of duty, and trusting every-
the Father."



AM I TO BE AN ARMY OFFICER?

"WHAT does it mean to be an Officer in the Salvation Army?" I seem to hear somebody ask. I am afraid I cannot answer that question properly, for, you see, I am not yet an Officer, but to my mind an Army Officer is one who has consecrated himself or herself to God and The Army in order that He may use them in the winning of souls to Himself. "Why do you think you should be one?" continues my questioner. There are many reasons. I would reply, but to me the most important one is, that I believe God has called me to such a service. True happiness lies in obedience to the will of God, and He has given me that desire to win souls for Him; to bring those who are astray nearer to Him. So, if I would be happy and conscious that I am doing God's will, I must be an Army Officer.

"How do you know that God has called you to this work? Might it not be imagination, because you have a natural sympathy with people in distress?" It was not because of a wonderful dream or some striking vision that I offered myself for this work. Something more definite than that came to me, and is with me today—a definite feeling within me that I must be used by God in His Kingdom, and because I had no peace in my soul until I made Him the offer of my life. Now I know that nothing can satisfy me in life but the work to which He has called me.

But Why The Army?

"But why The Army?" My questioner certainly is persistent. Because I believe that God is in and with The Army, and I love it for that reason alone. I know that God is in other places, and with other organizations, but He has shown me that I can do more personally in The Army than elsewhere. I think our organization is perfect; I feel that our methods of reaching the crowds are the quickest, and I feel that our religion is a practical one, and that is what is most needed to-day. Great faith, coupled with hard work, and all have an opportunity of putting that into effect. It does not mean that one has to be especially clever—fortunately for me; a university degree is not a necessity, only a conviction that God has called. It really amounts to this—an ordinary education, a desire to work for God, the knowledge that He has called me—and there you are.

And then the people need help. I believe that if a man or a woman is not saved, he or she will go to hell. Believing this, can I stay at home and take my ease? Do you believe it? Then why, in God's name, do you sit idly by, why do you not respond to the call? In any case, may God help me to fulfil the great purpose of my life. Emma Duxbury, Cadet.

Peace of Mind

We never get peace of mind when we give a piece of our mind. Pieces of our mind are usually thrown off in a state of anger or excitement. At such times we say things that we are sorry for afterwards. We wish that we might recall the harsh and bitter words that were spoken. But they are gone forever. We know that they have made their impression and that a heart has been wounded. Peace of mind is the result of self-control.

His Life for the Sheep

The following moving article by the late Commissioner Lawley appeared in the British "War Cry" many years ago; we have personal knowledge of at least one comrade who is to-day an Officer as a result of reading the same. We send it out again in the hope that some other young men or women may be moved to consecrate their lives to seeking those for whom Christ died.

NOT all the sheep are securely folded; not all of them are by the still waters; not all of them rest securely in the shade; not all of them follow the Shepherd or respond to His word and His will.

Not always does the sun shine; not always are the nights warm and peaceful; not always does the Shepherd rest secure in the knowledge that all is well with those under His care.

The sky is black, the clouds hang low and cover the mountain tops. For hours the sun has hidden his face behind the storm, a pitiless wind howls up the ravine, snow is falling fast, deep drifts are covering everything.

Away upon the mountain pasture-land is an old man, with his faithful watchdog. He has been braving the storm all day, and has spent every energy and every hour in going after his wandering flock.

The shades of night are gathering. There is no cessation in the storm. The northern winds bend the trees, the snow-drifts become deeper. The ravines and crevices and corners, where the poor frightened sheep have found shelter, are fast filling with the drifting snow, and soon a rescue will be impossible. The day's toil has already told upon the shepherd's strength, and he is weary and should rest. His tired feet and exhausted frame are crying out, "Go home, seek some rest, leave some sheep; you have already done as much, if not more, than can be expected of an old man like you. Go home!"

But selfish voices have no claim on him. He arouses himself, his shepherd-soul triumphs.

"I Am Going out Again"

Brave old man! Look! Yonder he is. He has just counted the sheep, and to his dismay he finds a number missing. For a moment he returns to his shepherd's hut. The winds howl on every side, and the terrible storm rages with increased fury. He lights his lantern, and prepares for a further search. Before leaving the hut he looks for a pencil, and in words worthy of being recorded in letters of gold, writes, "I am almost exhausted, but I am going out again after the sheep."—William Graham.

The message finished, the old man faces the blizzard once more. Alas! the winds, the snow, the cold, the storm, and the darkness are too much for him. His strength fails, his lantern dies out, the old shepherd sinks in the snow.

Those in the mountain huts near by await the old man's return, but they watch in vain. A party is formed; they find him in the snow, with his faithful dog beside him. Did I say they found

the shepherd? That is a mistake—they found his crook and his lantern. The shepherd was gone, his spirit had fled. Does not this story remind you of another Shepherd of the sheep, and of another storm? Even as I write, my mind is full of that Shepherd, the sleep, and the storm.

Cannot you see Him as He leaves the shelter of the fold where those in safety lay secure from the rising storm, all unconscious of the lowering darkness. Away, away He goes—by this road and that path and that winding way; over the hillside, along by the perilous steep. Darker and darker gets the night; fiercer and fiercer the storm; the rain is coming down in gusts. Where, oh, where is that one that is lost?

When Life is Worth While

"Until he find it." Away up the rocky steep, out now far out of shelter, and the wild gale is blasting all before it. No shelter, nothing but storm and tempest. But, hark, what is that? 'Tis a faint, so faint cry. Nothing more than a whimper. And then, stooping over the ghastly depths, he leans, and leans—until He finds it.

And where He trod, will you not tread? Has the storm no call for you? Has the darkness no hidden horror which you shall turn to Heaven's own light? Are there none outside, Calling, Calling, Calling—

You have read of the faithful old shepherd who, forgetful of himself, went out into the darkness and climbed the cold, bleak mountain in search of his flock. You have read of the Good Shepherd who left the ninety-nine and scoured earth and Hell for the one that had gone astray. Now, let me ask you, What are you doing? What is it that fills your heart? The moments are flying; the hours are passing; the weeks are going; the months are dying; the years will soon have fled. What, Oh, what are you doing?

The sheep still wander, the lambs are still tracked by cruel wolves. Hundreds of thousands—mothers, fathers, boys, and girls—are the prey of the Tempter, and, unless you help them, are doomed by sin. The Good Shepherd is forming another search party, and He asks for volunteers who, with lantern and staff, will follow Him. Will you make one? If you will, "Give to Jesus glory!" And by and by, when the storm is passed and the clouds are lifted, you will be able to say before an assembled world, "Rejoice with Me, I have found My sheep which was lost."

Candidates are being enlisted to-day. Mind you send in your name!

"The Call of the Lost Ones"

And where He trod, will you not tread? Has the storm no call for you? Has the darkness no hidden horror which you shall turn to Heaven's own light? Are there none outside Calling, Calling, Calling—?

WHY I WANT TO BE A SALVATION ARMY OFFICER

I AM in training for Officership to-day because I believe it to be the will of God concerning me. I have a burning desire to be a soul-winner, and I am sure that The Army is the best field of opportunity for one with such a desire; a field of possibilities not to be equalled elsewhere.

It was in October, 1926, during the Vancouver Congress Gatherings, conducted by Commissioner Mapp, that this passion was first planted within me—that I might be of greater service to God and humanity.

During the Holiness Meeting in the Pantages Theatre I went forward to the Altar for the Blessing of Sanctification. I rose from my knees to be a better soldier and a better bandsman.

The following Monday night, on my way home from the special Meeting, the call came to me for Officership. In spite of my sincere and pre-determined desire to serve God wholly, there was something within me which made me shrink from this further consecration.

My Utter Inability

What disturbed me, was not the fact of becoming an Officer, but what I felt to be my utter inability for such a position; my extreme weakness and my inexperience. But so forcible was the call that when I arrived home I went to my room and prayed as I had never done before.

And it was just the same with me as it has been with hundreds of others: "When I had ceased from my struggles His peace Jesus gave unto me."

I can never describe the joy that came into my soul when I settled the question, and when I promised God, that, come what might, I would follow Him.

The next day God came to me in a remarkable way; the devil was near, but God was nearer still. Then the vision came to me in full force, and I saw the needs of the people, and flashing across my mind came the words: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

Since that consecration and that vision I have not been without temptation to retrace my steps, and go back on my vows, but in the thought of my suffering Redeemer I have found constant and abiding strength. Whenever I have turned my thoughts to the Cross, and what it all means to me and the dying world, there has been a fresh impetus within me to do His will.

"The best thing I know

In this world below,
Is doing the Will of God."

—Arthur K. Allan—Cadet.

There is no doubt that the only thing which makes life worth living is working daily for God and for others. This is not inconsistent with thoroughly enjoying all the minor joys of life—such as a good game of golf or tennis or pleasant companionship—but the only thing which gives solid satisfaction is feeling each day that something is accomplished, something done to make the world a better place. I pity the idle man far more than the overworked man. "Better wear out than rust out," as the old lady used to say, and we quite agree. It really is a variant of our Lord's saying, "He that loatheth his life, shall save it."

I MUST OFFER MYSELF

REALIZING THE RESPONSIBILITY of the love of Christ, as shown by His dying for my sins,

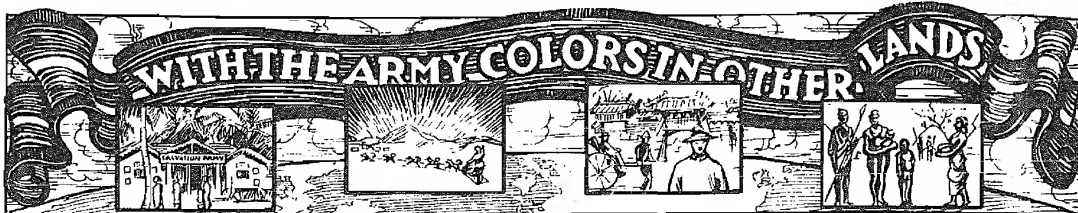
I AM CONVINCED that I must offer myself as a Candidate for Training for Officership in The Army.

Name.....

Address.....

Corps..... Date.....

Fill up and send this Form to the Divisional Commander (the local Corps Officer will give you his address), or direct to Lt.-Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man.



Japan's Enthusiasm

Our Comrades in Land of Rising Sun Show Energy and Enterprise — Candidates for Officership Result

A dispatch from Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, the Chief Secretary for Japan, tells of The Army's relief efforts, including mochi distribution to the poor, distributions to two thousand children on the canal barges, of midnight suppers to the homeless poor in Asakusa Park, of the bringing of happiness to the children of the Honjo slums, and of the good work of the Free Medical Dispensary.

In Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka and other large cities, as well as in a number of smaller towns, Lieut.-Commissioner Yamuro, the Territorial Commander, with characteristic thoroughness, sees to it that as much as possible is done to help relieve distress and bring the joy of Salvation into the hearts and lives of the people.

It may be remembered that some time ago, The Army was requested by the Imperial Household Department to undertake one of the Free Dispensaries. This The Army did and it is satisfactory to state that the developed number of patients for 1926 numbered two thousand three hundred and fifty-one, which was increased to two thousand nine hundred and two in 1927.

Salvation Sunshine and Rain

It is not everywhere that the interest of an Open-Air Meeting can be maintained when the rain is pouring down. Evidently the rain does not deter our friends in Japan, who together with many comrades rallied up in the Hibuya Park arena and sat for two hours amid dismal weather conditions with their hearts glowing with the happiness of Salvation.

It is worthy of special mention we think, that our comrades fought the Prayer Meeting battle to a finish, and were able to laugh at the elements and win twenty-one souls for Christ while the rain poured down.

Following such a display of spirit, we are not surprised to learn that in the Kokumin Newspaper Hall the next day, it was scarcely possible to control the enthusiasm of the Soldiers who had been called together for a "Council of War."

In the gathering mentioned, remarkable conversions and experiences were related and unmistakable evidence of unity and desire and purpose were demonstrated. The Banzais for the General and The Army at the close of the Meeting were eloquent testimony of the loyalty and devotion of Officers and Soldiers alike.

The Penitent-Form scenes were wonderful, nearly a hundred comrades came forward seeking Holiness with their whole soul absorbed in the effort. Ten of the comrades present made application to become Candidates for Officership.

Out of Small Beginnings

How a Scrap of Twisted Paper resulted in the Sending Out of "Twelve Apostles" from the Hills of Assam

THE announcement that twelve Candidates are coming right from the far away Lushai Hills of Assam to Calcutta to be trained for Officership, is a reminder of yet another romance of Salvationism and of the fact that it is out of "small beginnings" that God so often brings to pass the "great things," the end of which it is impossible to foresee.

The full story of how a young Assamese making a purchase in his native land of a small quantity of pepper or curry powder, had his apparently trivial purchase pinched up by the squatty salesman and twisted in a little scrap of a page from a Salvation Army book, a fact, which resulted amongst other wonders in the conversion of many people in the country mentioned, will some day be told at length. The young man read the torn bit of paper. What he read was as the message of God to him. It was as a voice calling him to return and seek out again the humble salesman. Accordingly he set off, this time in prayer and faith, and found the humble vendor squatting as before in front of his humble wares as though he had been waiting for the purchaser to come again.

"Have you any more of this writing?" was the enquiry. "Yes," was the answer, and the heart of the young man was full of gladness which changed to joy when presently he found himself in possession of the rest of the book, a scrap of glory upon the life laid down. That young man is now Ensign Kaulkhuma who leads on our comrades in Assam, and "twelve apostles" who come forth from their fastnesses in the Lushai hills down to Calcutta, come joyfully for they have heard the wonder story of how God spoke out His message to their Ensign Kaulkhuma through a tiny scrap of paper, just a torn leaf from the "Orders and Regulations for Soldiers of The Salvation Army" and on which was written words pregnant with the message of Christ, not only for the people of Assam, but for all the world.

There is much more to tell of how out of this small beginning the good work was started in Assam. It is a story to strengthen faith and cast a glow of glory upon the life laid down. That young man is now Ensign Kaulkhuma who leads on our comrades in Assam, and "twelve apostles" who come forth from their fastnesses in the Lushai hills down to Calcutta, come joyfully for they have heard the wonder story of how God spoke out His message to their Ensign Kaulkhuma through a tiny scrap of paper, just a torn leaf from the "Orders and Regulations for Soldiers of The Salvation Army" and on which was written words pregnant with the message of Christ, not only for the people of Assam, but for all the world.

Enduring Hardness in China

Territorial Commander and Travelling Companions "Rough it" whilst on Tour, but see Many Soldiers and Recruits enrolled under The Army Flag

Lieut.-Commissioner McKenzie who has recently returned from a seventeen day journey tells of long and wearisome tramps in bitter weather through war-stricken areas.

Some two hundred and fifty miles were walked with the thermometer sometimes down to zero and amid many dangers and difficulties and in localities where The Army's aims are little understood. He together with Ensign Sowden and Ensign Kuo, stuck to the road, keeping their spirits up, whether cross-examined by strange military guards or searched for the possession of firearms.

In spite of the hardness and the obstacles in the way, Meetings were held and Soldiers and Recruits, the outcome of faithful toil and loyal-hearted devotion, were enrolled under the Blood-and-Fire Flag.

Getting to the station, the Commissioner and his comrades found that in the night a big railway bridge had been blown up by the military and that no trains were available, so they had to turn back again. They attracted the people to the

Hall where twelve men and eight lads knelt at the Penitent-Form.

"There was nothing left for us to do but to take a forced march of thirty-five miles to Chengtingfu," says the Commissioner, "so, hiring a farm cart to carry the baggage, and dressing at 4 a.m., we set off soon afterwards. We had a pretty hard job getting out of the town as it was strongly and closely guarded. However, we managed to satisfy the officer of the guard and got out at about 6 a.m.

At 5 p.m. after journeying through interminable acres of ploughed land and trudging along rough cart tracks, Chengtingfu was reached in safety at five o'clock. Here again were more examinations and palavers. At length there was freedom to depart. There was very strict martial law prevailing in the city, the streets cleared of civilians by 7 p.m.

Despite the early hour of closing, before the curfew sounded, there had been an enrolment of Salvation Army Soldiers, and at last the Commissioner and his comrades were at liberty to refresh themselves with much needed food and rest.

Deaf, Blind and Dumb

Swedish Salvationists do Splendid Work Among Afflicted People

The Army is fortunate in having Officers who possess the gifts requisite for the special service to which they are appointed. This is very noticeable in such branches of service as our work amongst those who cannot hear or look or see. It is many years since one of this character commenced in Sweden where Commissioner Mitchell, the Territorial Commander is very naturally concerned for the wellbeing of these shut friends and comrades, especially of those whose trumpets sounded by the lack of sight, and Colonel Hammer, the Chief Secretary, in a touching, yet inspiring communication to hand, makes reference to the subject.

"The work of The Salvation Army in Sweden among the deaf, dumb and blind goes on steadily. Certainly it is not carried on with drums beating and trumpets sounding," says the Colonel, "but we believe that the Comrades in this branch of our work prepare many souls for Eternal Glory."

"Two of these comrades have had fifteen days visiting on the Isle of Gland, in the middle of the Baltic Sea. They there visited the deaf, dumb and blind people in their homes, and conducted public meetings. Most of the visiting was done on foot."

"A couple of deaf and dumb folk journeyed fifteen English miles to be present at the Meetings, in which they wrought for joy, informing the Officers that many years have passed since they were privileged to have the Word of God conveyed to them in their own language."

"From this place our Comrades had to go to another many miles away to reach an old man's district. This man too, was deaf and dumb and had for a long time longed to meet someone able to give him a message about God."

"One of the Officers writes the following about this occasion: 'The memory of the hours spent in our old friend's house will stay with us all our lives. God came so near to us, and the old man said to us afterwards that his soul had been thirsting and longing for this message from God. He will keep deep in his heart all the beautiful things he had received.'"

GLAD HE WENT TO PRISON

A prison story related by a prison gate Officer in the U.S.A. tells of the son of a well-to-do merchant who became a successful actor and a boxer. His choice of professions seems to have been his undoing, for one day he went quite wrong and the law caught him, and he is now serving his time in Charleston State Penitentiary. A remarkable thing about this young man today is that he says he is glad he ever came to prison, the reason being that in prison through The Salvation Army he has found Salvation.



Scenes from Old China—Left: A father and son come to The Army for help. Centre: A bowl of porridge and the blessing of Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie bring joy. Right: A wayside altar, wrecked by heavy gun bombardment, near which The Army now feeds thousands of starving people.

UNFORTUNATELY our President at the Front has anything of the happening Council Saturday, at Vancouver can imagine that our virile and energetic of the Western should not be found their Prairie anything, which might be put on occasion.

Another Saturday night it is not wanting in incident of the bands on the streets, and walks thronged with their interested and sometimes in listeners. It is a moving scene, an ordinary Salvationist, let a young man who would be from the regions round about. We are, however, indebted to friend, Lt. Colonel Phillips, for a concise, up-to-date account of day's Meetings. Such a concise is it that we wish we could include for the benefit of all have now to tell and a plan to tell it.

Sunday morning opened with spring-like weather, such as the blood of the assembling was were in from all the Vancouver and from Nanaimo, New West and Chilliwack. It was a good to behold those four hundred people—and for the most part uniform.

A Good Start

The opening song—"Who Lord's side?" struck off by Layman, was the key-note for which was further emphasis. Then Lt. Colonel Coombs led us. Then Lt. Colonel Sims, with versatility welcomed everybody included, and so we came to song and the hearty welcome Colonel Dickerson received. Greenaway in a bright and b

Central Holiness Meeting at Winnipeg

WITH no disrespect at all, who have led our the devotions during previous welcomed a change last Friday principal speakers for the evening. Mrs. Ensign Joyce of Norwood, and Arthur Smith who has charge of Winnipeg VIII Corps.

The special subject of the night "Aspects of Sanctification," alluring title-pieces in which delights. For about fifteen minutes dealt out to us some truths on the "Internal Aspects of Holy Life, and then on the period, Captain Smith spoke on some "External Aspects" not there, there were many in the audience who went away unconverted.

One note, as has been the nearly every one of these Friday we welcomed comrades at the verily believe that their prayer heard and answered.

We would like again to put the spiritual influences created songs and choruses, especially so where we were led in the Brigadier Dennick's beautiful "Heavenly Pearl of Holiness."

From the ocean of holiness, treasure gifts to Mrs. Ensign Captain Steele to Scripture-reading, and Ensign officiated with "The Army Ensign" and also helped in the singing of "I know a mercy a-biding." Lt. Colonel Joy also sang part.

Comrades, next Friday we get this devotion in time, with the Camp with us.

Winnipeg Citadel Band

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton mastered. The Army weekend was concluded on night with a splendid Supper union programme. We had two hundred friends and with us at the first event, more later in the evening. It was good to have with man Bill Somerville; he is



Blind and Dumb

Salvationists do Splendid among Afflicted People

It is fortunate in having Officers, the gifts requisite for the service to which they are appointed, very noticeable in such service as our work amongst the deaf, dumb and blind. We have been working for years since work of this kind commenced in Sweden where Mr. Mitchell, the Territorial, is very naturally concerned in being of these silent friends, especially of those whose names are known by the loss of sight. The Chief Secretary, in his capacity of our work amongst the deaf, dumb and blind, has reference to the subject of the Salvation Army in the deaf, dumb and blind. Certainly it is not with drums beating and sounding, says the Colonel, that we have the comrades in the deaf, dumb and blind their homes, and conducted. Most of the visiting was

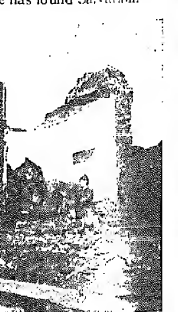
of deaf and dumb folk journeying miles to be present at the meetings, in which they were for the Officers that many have passed since they were privileged to the Word of God conveyed in their own language.

These comrades have had to place our comrades had to travel many miles away to reach the district. This man too, was deaf and had for a long time someone able to give him a message from God.

The Officers writes the following account: "The memory of the day in our old friend's house will all our lives. God came so and the old man said to us that his soul had been thirsting for this message from God. Deep in his heart all the things he had received."

HE WENT TO PRISON

Story related by a prison gatekeeper, U.S.A., tells of the son of a merchant who became a thief and a boxer. His choice of life seems to have been his one day he went quite wrong and caught him, and he is now in prison through the Salvation Army. A remarkable thing about him today is that he says he came to prison, the reason being that he found the Salvation Army.



ing of Lt.-Commissioner Bands of starving people.

UNFORTUNATELY our Special Correspondent at the Front has not told us anything of the happenings of the Council Saturday, at Vancouver, but we can imagine that our virile and enthusiastic comrades of the Western slopes would not be behind their Prairie colleagues in anything which might be put on for that occasion.

An ordinary Saturday night in Vancouver is not wanting in incident and colour; the bands on the streets, and the sidewalks thronged with their crowds of interested—and sometimes intrigued—listeners. It is a nerve scene to only an ordinary Salvationist, let alone the young people who would be gathering from "the regions round about."

We are, however, indebted to our good friend, Lt.-Colonel Phillips, for a smart, concise, up-to-date account of the Sunday's Meetings. Such a concise account is it, that we wish we could have it circulated for the benefit of all those who have power to tell and a place wherein to tell it.

Sunday morning opened with glorious spring-like weather, such as set a-tinging the blood of the assembling warriors, who were in from all the Vancouver Corps, and from Nanaimo, New Westminster, and Chilliwack. It was a goodly sight to behold those four hundred young people—and for the most part in Army uniform.

A Good Start

The opening song—"Who is on the Lord's side?" struck off by Brigadier Layman, was the key-note for the day, which was further emphasized when Mrs. Colonel Combs led us in prayer. Then Lt.-Colonel Sims, with his usual versatility welcomed everybody—himself included, and so we came to the second song and the hearty welcome which Lt.-Colonel Dickerson received. Adjutant Greenaway in a bright and breezy man-

The Young People of Vancouver Hear The Call

Colonel Miller conducts Y.P. Councils—Eighteen offer for Officership; 29 others surrender to the claims of God

ner, introduced the different units of the Delegations, which ceremony was brightened by some hearty singing, including an original Chilliwack chorus.

Heartily acclaimed

The Chief Secretary was heartily acclaimed when he rose to speak, and the clear lucid manner in which he dealt with his subject was a treat for all, and gave us a hint of the rich fare for the Day.

The greater part of the afternoon session was given to topical papers, which were of a very diversified character, but reflected the greatest credit on those who prepared and delivered them. Among those who helped us in this way were Y.P. Sgt.-Major Brown, of Grandview, our Banner Corps, who dealt with "The Benefits of the Company Meeting";

Corps Cadet Hazel Milley, of Vancouver I, spoke on "Why I am a Corps Cadet", and Adjutant Greenaway gave us some good hints on "Scouts and Guards."

Major Oake, who was a very welcome guest, gave us a Bible reading, the theme of which was "Thankfulness"; it was both timely and instructive. We might also say that Mrs. Ensign Rea's Bible reading in the Morning Session was very thought provoking, and was listened to with close attention.

Eighteen offerings

Eighteen young lives made the great offering before we closed down this session; it was a thrilling few moments even for us old-stagers!

For the Night Session we had a full house, and this in spite of the fact that strict attention had been given to the



Winnipeg, March 23rd

The Chief Secretary is busy filling in the days at Vancouver in Special Meetings and important business; our special reporter tells of a fine week-end at Vancouver, and with our next ordinary issue we hope to say something about the Councils at Victoria—booked for next Sunday.

We are exceedingly sorry to hear of the great loss which Mrs. Brigadier Merritt has sustained in the sudden death of her brother—Mr. Andrews, of London, Ont., who met his death under tragic circumstances on Saturday last. Mrs. Merritt's many comrades and friends will pray for her in this sore trial.

We regret to say that Brigadier C. Allen is temporarily on the sick-list. On Monday last he had a nasty fall at the corner of Portage and Main, and damaged one of his ribs. He is bearing up with his usual good spirits.

Ensign and Mrs. Ede have suffered bereavement in the sudden passing of the Ensign's sister. The Ensign's friends will know that Mrs. Warring was zealous in good works at her little home town of Hanna, Alta. We sympathize with the Ensign, and all those who are afflicted by this event.

An interesting event is scheduled for April 12th at New Westminster, nothing less than the wedding of our good comrades Ensigns Dorin and Chalk; our best wishes for that date and ever after.

Another set of interesting appointments in the Gazette this week; my word, we do keep on the move. May the blessing of God attend our comrades in their new spheres.

Next week is our Easter Number Week, consequently we shall not be open for the ordinary Corps reports, but send

them along, and if they are interesting, and tell of souls won for God and the Kingdom, we'll find room for them in the following issue.

Mrs. Commdt. Muttart has been hot foot after some people who have been saying some unpleasant things about the Calgary Children's Home and little ones under her care; she has proved her point too, which some of us don't always do when we get "hot."

Our comradely sympathy is with and for Ensign and Mrs. Majury these days; Mrs. Majury is in hospital, and those most concerned are not altogether free from anxiety concerning her.

Staff-Captain Harry Dray has earned his discharge from Hospital, and Ensign Harrington continues working up for his Nil desperandum.

We are a great Army family—our sympathies are with Captain Crogan, of Winnipeg Grace Hospital, who has been called home to Victoria owing to the illness and death of her father—our sainted comrade, Envoy Crogan. We pray for her and her dear ones.

Staff-Captain J. Merritt has moved all his bags and baggage to Calgary for a few weeks, in connection with the special campaign now being staged in that gallant city. In the meantime Mrs. Merritt keeps the home fires burning at Edmonton.

"To what do you attribute your remarkable age and wonderful health?" asked a summer visitor of an aged farmer. "Well," answered he, "I reckon I got a pretty good start on most folk by being born before germs was discovered, and so I have had less to worry about."

Most of the things folk worry about have no existence—except in their own imagination.

Bandsmen A. McIntosh, of Winnipeg Citadel, has just recently been the recipient of high commendation from the

officials of his Company (C.N.R.)—consequence of the successful exhibition of an invention he has just completed. The contrivance in question will enable First-aid workers to lift with comfort and ease injured folk from any height or depth in order to place them on the ambulance stretcher. It is probable that Bandsmen's McIntosh's invention may soon be brought into use all over the C. N. System.

advertised age-limit. Songs and prayers were splendid in choice, and tune, and expression.

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson had the platform for a few minutes, and took for his special talk "Others"; we followed his remarks with great benefit to our souls, and feel sure that those who hear in mind his suggestive outline will be helped themselves, and so will others.

The Chief Secretary's final disquisition on his Day's topic found its climax in a wonderful word picture of the tragic scenes of Calvary; he was mightily sustained through these periods, and brought us to a keen sense of the importance of the last hour of this wonderful day. The twenty-nine who responded to the call were an evidence of the working of the Holy Spirit amongst us.

For the great Salvation Rally on the Monday night the Citadel was crowded; all the City Corps were represented, and some of our out-of-town visitors were still with us.

We were more than sorry not to have the pleasure of the company of Colonel Miller, but when we say that Lt.-Colonel Sims did duty in his place, one may be sure that we had a good and happy time. The genial T.Y.P.S. was not slow to say—that he has apparently been saying all across the prairies—that the 1928 Councils surpass all previous years. (Then were they good indeed.—Ed.)

A Word of Appreciation

Words of thanks on these occasions are never out of place, indeed, comradely courtesy necessitates them. So we gladly say that in small part of the successful happiness of this event is to be attributed to the hard-working efforts of the Divisional Staff; we were glad also to have the company of our excellent friends and comrades Lt.-Colonel Goodwin, Major Jaynes, Staff-Captain Bourne, and oh, ever so many other dear ones.—Lt.-Col. Phillips.

Thrills at the Training Garrison

NOT for a very long time have we so thoroughly enjoyed a Programme Meeting, as we did that at the Garrison on Tuesday last. It was indeed a season of gracious and spiritual thrills.

Out of so much that was more than enjoyable—and in saying that we include every item—it is absolutely impossible to select more than two or three of the "thrills" for special mention. We limit ourselves accordingly.

Thrill No. 1 came when the Cadets were singing "The Wonderful Fountain"; the actual moments were when the quintette sang, so that the very gladness of it shone upon their faces.

"For His grace and power are such, None can never ask too much."

Thrill No. 2 was during Ensign Peterson's splendid rendering of "Souls to Sell"; that spoke to us in every line, and our programme sheet is annotated—"Love is above all."

Thrill No. 3 was when Brigadier Carter was reading that magnificent Scripture love-song—"God so loved the world that He gave His only Son". An old-time song, that, and oft-told—but ever blessedly new.

Mr. Hope Ross was a real Army Chairman, and higher praise than that we cannot render, for as we not all heart and soul Army, especially at the Garrison? But, once more, everything was good—including the glass of water which one of the programmists so deservedly received.

Palissy the Huguenot, was in prison for his religion. Louis the King of France said, "I'm sorry, you are here, but I cannot help you." Palissy drew himself up and said: "I'd rather be a prisoner in a cell than sit upon the throne of France, and say, 'I can't.'"

officials of his Company (C.N.R.)—consequence of the successful exhibition of an invention he has just completed. The contrivance in question will enable First-aid workers to lift with comfort and ease injured folk from any height or depth in order to place them on the ambulance stretcher. It is probable that Bandsmen's McIntosh's invention may soon be brought into use all over the C. N. System.

Winnipeg Citadel Band Annual

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton and Bandmaster Merritt. The Annual Band weekend was concluded on Tuesday night with a splendid Supper and Reunion programme. We had at least two hundred friends and supporters with us at the first event, and many more later in the evening.

It was good to have with us Bandsman Bill Somerville; he is getting up

his strength at a great rate, and asks the Scribe to use the "Cry" to thank all his comrades for their prayerful remembrances during his recent trying sickness. (We are quite willing.—Ed.)

We were cheered too with the various talks of the evening—our Treasurer, Adjutant Acton, the Bandmas-

ter, and Band Secretary—and not the least by the snappy remarks of our weekend special—Brigadier B. Taylor. And now we start out on our 43rd year of music and victory.—J.R.W.

Bandsmen A. McIntosh, of Winnipeg Citadel, has just recently been the recipient of high commendation from the

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder: William Booth
General: Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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General Order

SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN, 1928

The annual week of Self-Denial
will be observed in Canada West
Territory from May 5 to 11. After
March 24 no Demonstration of a
financial character (except on be-
half of the Self-Denial Fund) may
take place in any Corps until the
Campaign is closed, without the
consent of Territorial Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are respon-
sible for seeing that this General
Order is CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENTS—

Adjutant Eva Samson, from Grace Hospital,
Edmonton, to Grace Hospital, Winnipeg;
Captain Margaret Christie, from the Children's
Home, Brandon, to the Industrial Home,
Kildonan.

Lieutenant Ernest Wright, from Red Deer to
Macleod;
Lieutenant Clifford Fowler from Macleod to
Red Deer.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner

In the Grip of Jesus

A WOMAN that the religious people
of that day had passed by as quite
impossible—possessed by seven devils, so
they said, an utter incarnation of evil,
concerning whom the least religious
gathered his skirts about him and passed
on, afraid to be contaminated by her
nearness; pretty once, but tarnished now,
a degraded thing, a despised thing, be-
longing only to the dark underworld of
life—is gripped by Jesus. He holds her
soul a willing captive, and never lets her
go. No teacher in the world has ever
called a woman like Mary Magdalene
except Jesus, but He called her and she
came.

Here, on the other hand, is Nicodemus,
wealthy, respectable, a trained Pharisee,
a man of great weight in the councils of
the godly, he too is gripped by Jesus,
speaks to Him with utmost reverence,
"I know that Thou art a teacher sent
from God." Here is a Roman officer, a
centurion, a man in authority who has
servants under him to carry out his
orders, and he prefaces his message to
Jesus with the words, "Sir, I am un-
worthy that Thou shouldst come under
my roof; just say the word and my ser-
vant will be healed."

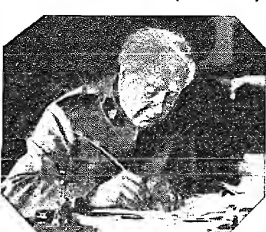
Here is Matthew, the publican. Prob-
ably he had a queer past; a Jew had sunk
pretty low if he couldn't make a living
except by buying a job from Rome and
then making it up, and more, by extorting
money from his own countrymen. Rightly
or wrongly, one's mental picture of
Matthew is of a crusty old money-grabber,
rather cynical, covering his inward con-
tempt for himself by an assumed contempt
for the world and everyone in it. Will
he leave his money-bags and step out
into a life of adventure and daring?
Jesus said unto him, "Follow Me," and
he arose and followed Him. The grip of
Jesus on the soul of man!

Even at the last a thief on the cross
next His own, a felon of the worst kind,
salutes Jesus as a King, "Remember me
when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And
the best of all this is—that what
was once true of Jesus can be true again,
My friend, will you not let Him grip you?

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from last week)



Received by Japan's Crown Prince—Gracious Interview—From Palace to Workhouse—The same Saviour

Monday, October 18th, 1926.—Tokio.
Reflections in the night on yesterday
(Sunday) cheering. God was honored.
At 8.40, with Cunningham and Bernard,
to Akasaka Palace—a very beautiful and
richly-appointed affair, white and blue
marble predominating in the building. A
palatial place, but Eastern in its general
effect, with many Western comforts and
fittings. The gardens exquisite—rising
sides of a small valley with running water
in the lower distance. Came to see the
Crown Prince, who is Acting-Emperor
during the Emperor's illness.

Had a little talk with the Secretary;
and then a member of the House of Peers,
who was for some time the Japanese
Ambassador in London and whom I met
there, came to call us. I went into the
Reception Room alone.

His Imperial Highness shook hands
warmly. Spoke at once of my visit and
of our interview in London. (Then
Bernard came in and was presented, and
later Cunningham also.) The Prince re-
ferred to his brother's call at International
Headquarters and his satisfaction with
what he saw of Army work in London.
A fine old Admiral translated, and I
think did well. Altogether a gracious
and I hope useful interview.

I asked permission to inquire after the
Crown Princess, and this evidently pleased
the Prince. His Imperial Highness is
frail-looking and delicate, but with a
pleasant voice and expression. He was
nervous. I felt, as I have often felt in
interviews with prominent people, that
he was near to us, and that a sense of
common humanity overcame for the
moment the stiffness of an official occa-
sion.

From this interview, in surroundings
of luxury and splendour, direct to a
great Workhouse: 2,200 inmates, chiefly
old people. A sad sight, and yet com-
forting to think of those poor creatures
being thus cared for.

Spoke to a couple of hundred of them
gathered together, and then had some
private words with Viscount Shibuya,
Patron of the Institution, about his own
soul. He thanked me with evident feel-

ing. Said that ten or eleven years ago
he had carefully considered whether he
should become a Christian, and decided
to hold on to his own faith—but he
prayed daily to God and sought His will.
All very simple, and, I am sure, sincere.
He seemed deeply moved at my interest
in him. At parting, he promised that he
would pray for me, and I that I would
pray for him, and we prayed together.
Held again about 12 o'clock, passing
through miles of Eastern streets literally
packed with traffic—people, oxen, hand-
carts, and goods making an amazing
scene of life and energy.

London mail and cables. Gave some
thought to my Officers' Meetings. Bernard
to a Young People's Demonstration.
Later in the day, the Minister of the
Imperial Household sent a letter, by
special messenger, enclosing yen three
thousand from his Imperial Majesty for
the work of The Salvation Army.

I understand that gifts of this kind
are always made in the name of the
Imperial Household. Yamamoto says
that the fact that this gift is direct from
the Emperor and Empress is very signifi-
cant, and indeed is unique. I placed
it to the Hospital Fund.

We have a splendid press today.
Literally pages of report and descriptive
—much of it very religious.

At 7 o'clock, Soldiers and ex-Soldiers.
About a thousand present, three-fourths
men. A fine sight. God helped me to
talk straight truth, and again we had a
wonderful Penitent-Form. The Officers
worked well—indeed, *delightfully*. Here,
seven thousand miles from London, the
same spirit, the same zeal, the same
Saviour!

Sad tonight about coal dispute in
the Old Country. Had for us! *Had for
the men!*

Thursday, 21st.—Tokio. First thing
this morning to world business and Lon-
don mail. Cables. Several interviews:
Mrs. (Brigadier) Pugmire; Mrs. (Brigade-
ier) Sasidra, who speaks very beauti-
fully of God's dealings with her follow-
ing her husband's death in the earth-
quake; Mrs. Yamamoto, who pleased

me; and Major Annie Smyth, whose
special work is to get money for our
operations. The last named comes from
New Zealand, where I met her last.

Saturday, 23rd.—I have much on hand.
To work by 8.30. At 9.30, conference
with Cunningham, Yamamoto, Bernard,
and Dr. Aatayana, our new lawyer, on
Religious Bill. Not altogether satisfac-
tory, but the Doctor thinks he can obtain
assurances from the Government in the
House which will go far to prevent mis-
chief. *I am not sure!*

At 1 o'clock by rail to Sendai. A
dreadful carriage—shaky and more
wheels! Did very little *en route*. During
the afternoon spoke to groups at five
stations. I suppose each such effort
adds to the general total of strain. The
people most warm, and in three of these
instances the Mayor and other officials
came to greet us. *All very cordial!*

Arrived Sendai about 7 p.m. His Ex-
cellency Mr. Mantel Uyeda Governor of
the Miyagi Prefecture, and the Mayor's
representative (this Worship is ill to
attend) (this through a lane of
lights, and amid great shouting and
songs, to a platform specially erected for
the occasion. About six thousand people
in all—a Helsingfors Reception on a
smaller scale. The enthusiasm very
marked. I spoke freely of the friendship
of God. *These crowds have!*

To a Japanese hotel, very com-
fortable. The people extremely warm.
The enthusiasm manifest tonight really phre-
nological—a symptom of the appreciation
in which The Army is held. These people
are thought of by a great many of those
who live in Europe, but even if they
were, they are not heathen; but even if they
were, they should feel towards us as they
so evidently do.

Monday, 25th.—Yesterday, at Sendai.
Three Meetings. Soldiers in the morning.
A large proportion of whom under thirty
years of age. Women present, about one-
third of total. Without exception, all
Converts to Jesus Christ from anti-
Christian religions. There was a delig-
hful spirit.

Afternoon, some thirty leading men
including the Governor, University head-
city authorities, and representatives of
some of the Missions, received me. Then
to a Japanese Theatre, seating eighteen
hundred people—but without seats we
understand them. Fully two thousand
present, and many left outside. A useful
time; everyone free, although one or two
missionaries did not seem very happy.
The newspapers interviewed me immedi-
ately afterwards—very like pressmen
elsewhere! But they are more disposed
to take what I say about religion.

Another crowd at night. Bernard and
Evans Smith spoke well; the wife of a
Divisional Officer gave a few words of
testimony, and I followed. We had a
hundred penitents, three-fifths of them
men. Some really broken hearts. Eddie
says that normally the Japanese have
little or no deep sense of sin, but when
conviction does come, it often utterly
sweep them away. Certainly I saw yes-
terday, and also at Tokyo, many evi-
dences of great distress amounting to
agony in not a few instances.

(To be continued)

The Field Secretary at St. James

The interest of Brigadier Taylor, the
Field Secretary, in the young people was
evidenced on Sunday afternoon last when
he visited the St. James Corps for the
purpose of conducting the enrolment of
a splendid group of thirty-two Junior
Soldiers, most of whom were the outcome
of the recent Young People's Crusade.

The Brigadier was introduced by
Ensign Ede, the Corps Officer, and given
a warm welcome by the young people
after which the enrolment, a simple but
impressive ceremony, took place. Each
Junior Soldier was presented with a
Pledge Card and given a personal word
of advice by the Brigadier, following
which he congratulated Y.P.S. M. Harris
upon the excellent condition of the Junior
Corps.

In the night Salvation Meeting the
Ensign dedicated to God the infant
daughter of Bro. and Sister Payne. The
Band, under Captain Watt, rendered one
of The Army's latest selections, "Mother's
Prayers," with soul-moving effect, and
Adjutant Pott gave the address. A help-
ful feature of the Meeting was the number
of stirring testimonies given by comrades
old and new.

MRS. COMMR. RICH FULFILLS INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS

FOLLOWING on the triumphant in-
cidents in Calgary in connection with
the Young People's Councils, Mrs. Rich
fulfills a set of interesting local engage-
ments, thus filling up the days between
the earlier week-end and the Sunday
(March 18th) which she and the Com-
missioner spent with the comrades of the
Citadel Corps.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Rich
addressed a happy crowd of our sister
friends, with a small sprinkling of juveniles
in the Citadel. Adjutant C. Knott also
was present. We gather that a very
lively and profitable time was spent.

On the Wednesday evening the soldiery
and friends at Calgary II were the favored
ones. Captain Tobin and Lt. Donnelly
had made energetic announcements which
resulted in a full hall. The testimonies
of week-end blessings were many and
glad, and this all tended to make a good
Meeting. One seeker came forward.
Nine splendid young people were enrolled
as Junior Soldiers.

Thursday evening was spent at Calgary
III, to the great delight of Captain Watt
and Lt. Lapp. Here again was a full
hall, sharp-shooting of testimonies, and
two seekers.

We feel confident that these wayside
gatherings will be appreciated by our
gallant and faithful comrades, as were
also the words of Scripture comfort which
were read and spoken by Mrs. Rich at the
funeral of dear Mother Shaw, a fine old
warrior of the Citadel Corps, who was
laid to rest on the Friday afternoon.



LT. COMMISSIONER MAXWELL
has completed a fine series of Corps
and Council Campaigns in the Maritime
Provinces. The Eastern "War Cry"
gives a racy account of the Meetings
held at St. John and other points in New
Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Latest
news is to the effect that the tour resulted
in 97 seekers, and 12 new candidates for
Officership.

On a recent Sunday morning The
Army Citadel at Halifax II was completely
destroyed by fire, but fortunately the
Corps Officer was able to secure another
hall for the day's Meetings. Already a
scheme is on foot to remedy this loss.

Ensign and Mrs. F. Bowers, last
stationed at London, II are now on their
way to England, having volunteered for
special work in the Gold Coast Colony,
West Africa.

At Perth, Ont., the Home League
proceedings were gloriously interrupted
by the entry of a man, who had driven
over twenty miles into town, in order
that he might be shown the way of
Salvates. Right willingly did the Leagu-
ers get to work.

Three great Good Friday events are
announced for the Toronto Corps—the
Annual Rally and Parade to the Massey
Hall in the morning, and Devotional and
Swearing in Meetings in the Hygeia Hall
at night.

A Saint in Sickness

Colonel John Roberts who, while he is
still very ill, has rallied from the ex-
tremely precarious state of health which
was his short time ago, has been greatly
blessed. God while lying in his sick-
chamber. Commenting recently upon a
letter received from a friend, he said: "No
one can imagine how the Lord is meeting
my every need. I keep my eyes closed
most of the time so as to hear His voice
and speak to Him. He is talking to me
all the time. I have never enjoyed my-
self all my life like I have done since
I have been in this room."

We seldom meet with joy and de-
light by appointment, but unexpected-
ly they smile on us as their sudden
welcome round some odd corner of
life.

Important Announcements

Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp

WINNIPEG CITADEL Saturday, March 31, 8 p.m.
(International Musical Festival)

Lt-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich

GARRISON AUDITORIUM Sun., Apr. 1, 10.15, 2.15 & 6.15
(Young People's Council Sessions)

WINNIPEG CITADEL Monday, April 2, 8 p.m.
(Scout and Guard Demonstration)

ZION CHURCH Good Friday, April 6, 11, 3, & 7.30
(“Echoes from Calvary”)

SAINT JAMES Easter Sunday, April 8
(Corps' 16th Anniversary Celebrations)

Also with Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp as above

and Major Annie Smyth, whose al work is to get money for our ations. The last named comes from Zealand, where I met her last tuesday, 23rd.—I have much on hand, work by 8.30. At 9.30 conference Cunningham, Yamanuro, Bernard, Dr. Antayana, our new lawyer, on tions Bill. Not altogether satisfac but the Doctor thinks he can obtain rances from the Government in the which will go far to prevent mis- I am not sure!

I clock by rail to Sendai. A did very little en. During afternoon spoke to groups at five ons. I suppose each such effort to the general total of strain. The le most warm, and in three of these ones the Mayor and other officials e to greet us. All very wonderful. rived Sendai about 7 p.m. His Ex- ncy Mr. Mantel Uyeda, Governor of Miyagi Prefecture, and the Mayor's sative (his Worship is ill) to ve me. Walked through a line of s, and amid great shoutings and s, to a platform specially erected for ccasion. About six thousand people ill—a Helsingfors Reception on a ler scale. The enthusiasm very ed. I spoke freely of the friendship od. How these crowds twist!

a Japanese hotel, very comfort- The people extremely warm. The usiasm manifest tonight really enal—a symptom of the appreciation hich The Army is held. These people thought of by a great many of those live in Europe as heathen. Well are not heathen; but even if they it would be still more remarkable they should feel towards us as they idently do.

Monday, 25th.—Yesterday, at Sendai e Meetings. Soldiers in the morning, ge proportion of whom under thirty of age. Women present, about one of total. Without exception, all erts to Jesus Christ from an- istian religions. There was a delight- rit.

Afternoon, some thirty leading mer- ding the Governor, University head- authorities, and representatives of of the Missions, received me. Then Japanese Theatre, seating eighteen red people—but without seats as nderstand them. Fully two thousand and, many left outside. A useful everyone free, although one or two arities did not seem very happy. Newspapers interviewed me immedi- afterwards—very like pressmen here! But they are more disposed ke what I say about religion.

Other crowd at night. Bernard and Smith spoke well; the wife of a sional Officer gave a few words of mony, and I followed. We had a red penitents, three-fifths of them. Some really broken hearts. Eddie that normally the Japanese have or a deep sense of sin, but when iction does come, it often utterly p them away. Certainly I saw yes- and, also at Tokio, many evies of great distress—amounting to y in not a few instances.

(To be continued)

Field Secretary at St. James

The interest of Brigadier Taylor, the Secretary, in the young people was nced on Sunday afternoon last when he visited the St. James Corps for the ose of conducting the enrolment of dendid group of thirty-two Junior ers, most of whom were the outcome e recent Young People's Crusade. e Brigadier was introduced by m Ede, the Corps Officer, and given rm welcome by the young people which the enrolment, a simple but ssive ceremony, took place. Each Soldier was presented with a Card and given a personal word of advice by the Brigadier, following he congratulated Y.P.S. M. Harris the excellent condition of the Junior s.

The night Salvation Meeting the e dedicated to God, the infant Card and Sister Irye. The under Captain Watt, rendered one e Army's latest selections, "Mother's rs," with soul-moving "Reet, and Captain Putt gave the address. A help- ture of the Meeting was the number ted testimonies given by comrades id new.

MRS. COMMR. RICH FULFILLS INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS

FOLLOWING on the triumphant in- gidents in Calgary in connection with the Young People's Councils, Mrs. Rich fulfilled a set of interesting local engage- ments, thus filling up the days between the earlier week-end and the Sunday (March 18th) which she and the Com- missioner spent with the comrades of the Citadel Corps.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Rich addressed a happy crowd of our sister friends, with a small sprinkling of juveniles in the Citadel. Adjutant C. Knott also was present. We gather that a very happy and profitable time was spent. On the Wednesday evening the soldiery and friends at Calgary II were the favored ones. Captain Tobin and Lt. Donnelly had made energetic announcements which resulted in a full hall. The testimonies of week-end blessings were many and glad, and this all tended to make a good Meeting. One seeker came forward. Nine splendid young people were enrolled as Junior Soldiers.

Thursday evening was spent at Calgary III, to the great delight of Captain Watt and Lt. Lapp. Here again was a full hall, sharp-shooting of testimonies, and two seekers.

We feel confident that these wayside gatherings will be appreciated by our gallant and faithful comrades, as were also the words of Scripture comfort which were read and spoken by Mrs. Rich at the funeral of dear Mother Shaw, a fine old warrior of the Citadel Corps, who was laid to rest on the Friday afternoon.



LT. COMMISSIONER MAXWELL has completed a fine series of Corps and Council Campaigns in the Maritime Provinces. The Eastern "War Cry" gives a racy account of the Meetings held at St. John and other points in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Latest news is to the effect that the tour resulted in 97 seekers, and 12 new candidates for Officership.

On a recent Sunday morning The Army Citadel at Halifax II was completely destroyed by fire, but fortunately the Corps Officer was able to secure another hall for the day's Meetings. Already a scheme is on foot to remedy this loss.

Ensign and Mrs. F. Bowers, last stationed at London, II are now on their way to England, having volunteered for special work in the Gold Coast Colony, West Africa.

At Perth, Ont., the Home League proceedings were gloriously interrupted by the entry of a man, who had driven over twenty miles into town, in order that he might be shown the way of Salvation. Right willingly did the League get to work.

Three great Good Friday events are announced for the Toronto Corps—the Annual Rally and Parade to the Massey Hall in the morning, and Devotional and Swearing in Meetings in the Hygeia Hall at night.

A Saint in Sickness

Colonel John Roberts who, while he is still very ill, has rallied from the extremely precarious state of health which was his a short time ago, has been greatly blessed of God while lying in his sick-chamber. Commenting recently upon a letter received from a friend, he said: "No one can imagine how the Lord is meeting my every need. I keep my eyes closed most of the time so as to hear His voice and speak to Him. He is talking to me all the time. I have never enjoyed myself all my life like I have done since I have been in this room."

We seldom meet with joy and del- ight by appointment, but unexpected- ly they smile on us as their sudden welcome round some odd corner of life.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich Unexpected but Enjoyable Sunday at Calgary

THE Commissioner's Sunday with the Soldiery and Friends of Calgary Citadel was not intended to be a follow-up of the victorious day which he and Mrs. Rich had spent with the Young People a week before; rather, we imagine, was it in the nature of a benedictory start-off to the Campaign now proceeding in the City. In any case, although arranged at short notice, it was a real Day of Salvation.

The audience which gathered for the Holiness Meeting in the morning was splendid numerically, and eagerly anticipatory in spirit. The Commissioner's timely reminder of the everlasting, ever-renewing blessings of God came with invigorating force, as did his injunction to keep clear of obstruction the connection between the platform and the congregation—the Bush and the Seeker. There were a number of comrades who yielded themselves to the influences of the Spirit, and came forward.

Commissioned Y.P. Locals

The Commissioner greatly cheered the comrades of the Young People's Corps by his attendance on Sunday afternoon; he managed to squeeze in a Commissioning of Y.P. Locals; a Change to those comrades; and a visit to the over-flowing Primary Companies, before going up- stairs to the Main Hall, where he was just in time, so he tells us, to listen to a splendid rendering of "The Soul's Awakening" by the Band.

He concluded his afternoon duties by giving a stirring address to the large congregation who had waited for him, but who had filled in their hour of waiting very happily and profitably in listening to the fine programme put on by the Band.

The crowd for the Night Meeting was so large that the ordinary seating accom- modation was not nearly sufficient, and chairs and seats from all other depart- ments had to be requisitioned. Staff- Captain Merritt's lieutenantcy was splen- did in this gathering, as in the other events of the day, and led up well to the Commissioner's own share in the battle for souls. Adjutant and Mrs. Junker were also keen in their co-operating efforts.

Several Decisions

The crowded Citadel certainly drew upon the Commissioner's fighting qual- ities, and gave him an opportunity for using those Salvation tactics in which he is such an adept, and which he uses so well to the Glory of God, and the salvation of the sinner. Our correspondent is not exact in the number who were at the Mercy-Seat, but we hear that eight or more decided to follow the Commis- sioner's advice and the leading of the Holy Spirit.

A hearty and full day was completed by our Leader meeting the Corps Officers of the City, and securing from them their hearty co-operation in the special cam- paign to which we alluded earlier.

Mrs. Rich was with the Commissioner in all these engagements, happily ready for any service, whether praying, speaking or fishing. Her afternoon was spent with the Home comrades at Grace Hospital, where a number of the young lives there under our care decided to go a step further and put themselves into the care of the loving Heavenly Father.

An unexpected day, but a day of rich comradeship cheer and blessing, to say nothing of Salvation impetus.

Our Leader's Busy Days at the Coast

The Commissioner has just returned from a rush visit to Vancouver, where he has been enabled to transact some business of importance, not without future help and blessing for our Institutions in that city—particularly Grace Hospital.

His engagements included a meet- ing with the Medical Staff of the Hos- pital—a splendidly representative body of men who are devoting them- selves wholeheartedly to the work of the Hospital. The Fathers of the City Council also granted the Commis- sioner an interview, which is likely to be fraught with good cheer for the work now proceeding so finely at the same Institution.

Both Lt.-Colonel Payne and Major Jaynes were with the Territorial Commander in these engagements, and are exceedingly hopeful about the work accomplished by these inter- views.

Vancouver Annual Band Re-Union

The Commissioner Presides

THE Annual Band and Songster Supper and Re-Union, which was held on the 15th inst, was rendered all the more delightful because of the un- expected presence with us of Commis- sioner Rich, who has been in the City on some special business. Brigadier Lay- man right willingly withdrew from the presidency of the gathering as soon as he knew the Territorial Commander could come along.

Following a splendid repast, provided by the Sisters of the Corps, a thoroughly enjoyable programme, arranged by Band- master Mills and the Band Locals, was "put on." Naturally our Chairman con- tributed to the addresses of the evening, and put us all in a good humour.

Colonel Miller and Major Oake from Winnipeg were welcome guests, as were also Bandmaster Atkinson, of Seattle, Bandmaster S. Collier, of Mt. Pleasant, and Bandmaster Hornbuckle and Band Secretary Slade of Victoria. We were also very pleased to have with us Lt.-Colonel Payne, and to hear her words of thanks and commendation. Other veterans added to our sense of "Get-together-ness."

Out of so much that was good in the programme it is difficult to select any particular item, suffice it to say that everybody contributed to our pleasure; not the least, being our good friend Mr. W. Miller, whose very instructive dis- course on "Social Evolution" was greatly enjoyed.

We wish we had room for a fuller account of the evening, but there is space for us to say that we shall long remember the Commissioner's words on Ex-Bands- men, and our duty towards such. "Stand closer together," he said, "shoulder to shoulder, so that there may be fewer of these comrades around us." It was a fitting address for a comradely occasion. —B.B.

Looking Ahead

Some very interesting events are being arranged for not distant dates, and just so that our Winnipeg readers might have them in mind. We mention them in this fashion.

Our advertisement on page 6 is a rich program in itself, and one in which young and old can find equal enjoyment. The fact that Commis- sioner and Mrs. Mapp are to be with us for part of that time is an added delight.

April 21 and 22 are set apart for another of our hardy annuals—the Bandsmen's Councils. Saturday eve- ning is to be spent at the Arena in another Musical Niagara and then all day Sunday at the T.G. Auditorium.

An international visitor of special note in Army musical circles, will be present—Brigadier (and Mrs.) Penn- ick, of North China. We hope he will have some new songs for us.

We hear that there is a good pos- ition open for a Bandsman, married or single, who is a handy man and able to do minor property repairs, calcu- lating, etc. Applicants should com- municate with Captain King, The Salvation Army, Fort Williams, or to the Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

WILLIAM ROTH, FOUNDER

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, GENERAL

CHAR. T. RICH, LT.-COMMISSIONER

TERRITORIAL COMMANDER



TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—

"SALVATION"

TELEPHONE 87 256

317-19 CARLTON STREET

WINNIPEG, MAN.

FROM THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE
TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

March 22nd, 1928

My Dear Comrade:

WANTED—YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

This is an appeal to the young men and women of Canada West, whether in The Army or otherwise—to all who have heard the Call of God. I make no pretence about it; I put forth my appeal boldly—as boldly as it is possible for me to do. And it is that you should heed that Call.

There is a Divine Hand which is unrolling the curtain from before the world's miseries—its sins and sorrows; before you is depicted the terrible havoc which sin is making.

There is a Divine Voice which is repeating loudly the cry of anguish arising from those scenes of havoc and wrong-doing; it is the same Voice which repeats His former cry: "The harvest is great—the laborers are few."

There is a Path stretching out before you; a road which leads down to those same fields and wastes of sin; it is not an easy way—it is a blood-stained road; but it calls you; it says, "This is the way."

All this is nothing new to you. You have seen it—you have heard it—for months and years. You have shrunk from the response which you know you should make. Will you not now yield? Shall it be any longer said of you that you "dwell at ease in Zion?"

In the Name of the Lord who has saved and forgiven you; in the Name of Him Who will fit you for His service; in the Name of Him Who died for the lost; ay, in the very name of the dying themselves, I call you—God calls you. Is it nothing at all to you?

Yours affectionately,

Chas. T. Rich

Lt.-Commissioner.

Victoria Veteran Answers the Roll Call

Envoy Proby who had an interesting Career as Naval Officer and Supt. of Police, Fought a Splendid Fight for God and Souls

AFTER a long and useful life, many years of which were spent in consecrated service, Envoy Proby went Home on February 27th to receive his reward. Our comrade was in the British navy



tendent of Police for a long time previous to his retirement.

While on sick leave in England in 1881 the Envoy met The Salvation Army in Weston-Super-Mare, Somersetshire, and in one of the Meetings claimed the blessing of sanctification. So thorough was his consecration that he returned to India ready, if necessary, to give up his official position for soul-saving work. Mrs. Proby had not then seen The Army, but later on when circumstances permitted, she went to Bombay for a few months, and thoroughly its methods from every angle. Like her husband, she was so taken with the spirit of devotion shown by the Salvationists that she signed the Articles of War, became a Soldier and wore native uniform as none other was available, and took part in Open-Air Meetings until her return to their station. Brother Proby was not allowed the same privileges because of his official position, but they held Salvation and Holiness Meetings in their own bungalow, and in every possible way preached the Gospel and kept up the standard of The Army.

When their time was up they settled in beautiful Victoria, where it might have been expected that like many others, they would spend their declining years in restful retirement, but to them leisure meant more time to work for Jesus. Noticing the number of Hindus in the city, our comrade's first effort was to open a night school, free of charge, where they undertook to teach them the plan of Salvation and also to read and write English.

A branch of work that the League of Mercy had not been able to attend to next claimed attention. The Envoy, because of his service in the British navy, was the first Salvationist to be given special privileges, permitting him to visit and take "War Cries" to the navy yard, and he spent many hours there with the sick. He was permitted to hold Meetings there on Sunday afternoons and one evening a week. Mrs. Proby also held a weekly drawing-room Meeting and visited the houses in the district with "War Cries." No one will ever know the amount of good done in those days in and around the navy yard.

Until his last illness the Envoy never missed a march or Open-Air Meeting, always in uniform, and ready for any duty. He was never without a Bible in his pocket and he would often be seen patiently explaining its promises to some doubter in the Prayer-Meeting. On July 25th, 1920 our comrade and his wife received their commissions as Envoys shortly after which they commenced their weekly beach Meetings at Foul Bay, and for three summers carried on until the schools opened in the fall.

The funeral services were conducted by Commandant Jones, assisted by Commandant Fullerton and other Officers and comrades. Salvationists in uniform carried the body to its last resting place on a grassy slope at the Royal Oak Burial Park, where are buried other comrades whom he loved and worked with in life.

A Memorial Service was held on the following Sunday night in the Citadel, led by Commandant Jones, and in the Prayer Meeting a backslider came to the Penitent Form for forgiveness.

Envoy Mrs. Proby desires to thank, gratefully through the "War Cry" all the Officers, comrades and friends throughout the Territory who have sent kind enquiries and comforting messages of sympathy, which have meant much to her during her lonely hours.—A.E.T.



Let Us Sing Together!



Songs—Old and New

(There are still some people in the world who think that The Army has no right to capture any tunes from the Devil; only recently we received a letter to that effect. Such friends know little about the wonderful "musical conversions" which God has allowed us to bring about; how one-time song-fanciers are now known only as hymn-tunes. Our Founder used to say, "The Devil has no right to all the good tunes in the world." Here are a few songs and choruses, new and old, which we venture to put forward for the help and blessing of our readers and comrades. The first two songs are a striking illustration of "musical conversions"—Ed.)

Tune: "A Life on the Ocean Wave"
COME in, my Lord, come in.
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in and cleanse my soul from sin.
And dwell with me alone!
Thyself to me be given,
In fulness of Thy love;
Thyself alone will make my heaven,
Though all Thy gifts remove.

Chorus:
Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.

Come in, my Lord, come in,
Show forth Thy saving power;
Restore, renew, release from sin—
Oh, save this very hour!
Thy promise now I claim.
By faith put in my plea,
And trust in that almighty Name
Immanuel, and Thee.

My Lord, Thou dost come in—
I feel it in my soul;
I hear Thy words, my Saviour-King.
"Be every whit made whole!"
Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth agree
My risen Christ to magnify—
For lo! He lives with me!

—General Bramwell Booth.

Tune: "I Traced her Little Footsteps in the Snow"
A little talk with Jesus.
How it smooths the rugged road;
It seems to help me onward
When I faint beneath my load;
When, worn by care and sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can give me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

Chorus:
Oh, a little talk with Jesus
Puts it right—all right (repeat).
In trouble of every kind,
Praise God I always find.
A little talk with Jesus puts it right.

A little talk with Jesus.
All alone in secret prayer;
It gives me strength and courage
Life's many toils to bear,
And tho' I sometimes falter
Because the way is dim,
There's naught can cheer me onward
Like a little talk with Him.

I'll trust and wait with patience
Until my appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a trust is mine;
Then, where no hearts are weary,
And no eyes with tears are dim,
He will talk with me for ever,
And I will talk with Him.

THE SOLO OF THE WEEK

Tune: "Till we meet again"
There's a song in my heart now 'Twas a burden so great that I carried—
A burden of sorrow and sin.
Till I heard His dear call
At His Cross did fall,
And told all my trouble to Him.

Chorus:
There's a song I'm singing every day;
'Tis a song of burdens rolled away;
Christ has come, has come to stay—
Now He is my loving Saviour,
Joyful songs I'm singing merrily,
Days of gloom are but a memory;
He walks and talks each day with me
Ne'er to part again.

Tune: "I Passed by Your Window"
The Spirit is coming—the Spirit of Power;
I hear His approaching this glorious hour;
Oh, wonder of wonders, that e'er it should be.
The Spirit of God is descending on me.

Tune: "Pal of My Cradle Days"
I am redeemed from sin,
Glory abides within;
'Tis there at the Cross where my Saviour died,
There where for cleansing from sin I cried,
Burdens are rolled away,
Darkness is turned into day;
Say, will you not go
To the sin-cleansing flow,
Where burdens are rolled away.

Every day as I go I am singing,
Just telling His praises abroad;
For I want all to know,
As I journey below—
That they also may make Him
their Lord.

Tune: "Carry me Back to ol' Virginny"
Never a prayer He will not answer,
Never a seeking soul to whom the Lord says, Nay;
Never a sin that His grace cannot cover,
Never a burden that He will not roll away.

Tune: "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding"
There is now no condemnation
While we are walking with God;
There is free and full Salvation
By the precious Blood;
Peace beyond all understanding,
A joy we cannot explain,
Victory, and grace abounding
In the heart where He doth reign.

(Other Papers Please Acknowledge—J.)

Coming Events

THE CHIEF SECRETARY
AND MRS. COLONEL MILLER
Winnipeg Y.P. Councils, Sunday, Apr. 1st.

LT. COLONEL SIMS: Winnipeg Y.P. Councils, Sunday, April 1st.
BRIGADIER AND MRS. TAYLOR: Brandon, Easter Sunday and Monday, April 7 and 8.

HOME LEAGUE APPOINTMENTS
MRS. COLONEL MILLER: Winnipeg Social Corps, Tuesday, April 3.
MRS. LT. COLONEL DICKERSON: Weston, Tuesday, April 3.

MRS. LT. COLONEL SIMS: North Winnipeg, Wednesday, April 4.
MRS. BRIGADIER TAYLOR: Winnipeg Citadel, Monday, April 2.
MRS. BRIGADIER CARTER: Elmwood, Wednesday, April 4.
MRS. BRIGADIER SMITH: Sherbrooke St., Tuesday, April 3.
MRS. BRIGADIER CUMMINGS: Home St., Wednesday, April 4.
MRS. MAJOR TYNDALL: Scandinavian Corps, Wednesday, April 4, 8 p.m.
MRS. MAJOR HARRIKR: Norwood, April 4.
MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN CLARKE: St. James, Wednesday, April 4.

The Deliberations of Dorcas Domore



Danny Being on the Sick-list

St. Al Styrenup, Mansions, Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Many thanks for your kind enquiries, but I am sorry to say that there is very little improvement in my dear husband's condition. I did think that he would have improved when he was able to sit up for a few minutes on Friday evening and look through the "Cry," but some thing upset him, and all day Saturday he was like a bear with a sore head. Men are so trying when they're sick.

I do not think there is anything really seriously wrong, for as I am writing these notes, he is sitting up in bed, shouting out his instructions as to what I am to put therein, but, if I can manage it, I shall slip out and mail the letter when he dozes off for a few minutes. (All right, all right, I'll tell him that.)

He wants me to say, Mr. Editor, that he really does hope that nobody will take offence at what he says in these notes, or what I say—I suppose. Of course, nobody would. They all understand that we are actuated by the kindest of motives, and that, all we are after is to boost "The Cry," and make the people of The Army do as the dear General tells them. "Read 'The War Cry'." Surprising, isn't it, dear friend, how many people miss that weekly intellectual treat. But, as Danny says, "Brains are brains, and those that have brains will read brains"; I'm afraid that is rather mixed, but you'll understand if nobody else does.

I am to be sure and mention—although Danny is replying to the letter himself—that Yorkton has gone up fifteen copies, as we said before, and Weston—good old Captain Nyrred, he's my lad—has ordered ten "Young Soldiers," but, alas and alack, Winnipeg IV has one twenty "Crys" on the down side. That's how we make progress these days. (Don't worry so, try to keep quiet!)

Dear Mr. Domore: Yorkton, Sask.
If you don't soon start and "domore" and send along my new order of "Crys" and "Y.S." I will soon change my mind and cancel my order. I have waited patiently, thinking that as you were away specialising you hadn't time to attend to business; but you've been home long enough now to get things right. Come on now, strengthen and let me have my papers.

Yours in anticipation,
Allan McInnes, Captain.
I shall be glad if you will publish Captain McInnes' letter in it. I don't think he ought to write out like that when my poor dear husband is on a sick bed. However, I feel sure that some mistake has been made when Brigadier Smith will rectify now he is in charge of the Publishing—bless him.

Believe me,
Yours striving to be posted,
Dorcas Domore.

P.S.—Danny is sending a letter to the office two books which you sent the boy when he was on furlough, and I will send back those two which you sent to our Dinah when she was in Trinidad.

P.P.S.—Just as I am sealing this letter for the mail I am told that when Joyce of Norwood has jumped up to copies. Isn't he a darling?



THE DANGER OF FAMILIARITY

WILL it be perfectly understood when I say that while familiarity with sacred things has, of course, untold advantages, it also has its risks? As someone has said, the peril is lest it should obscure the vision by dulling expectancy. Here is an illustration which, I think, will help to make clear my point; it is a story which the late Commissioner Howard never tired of telling.

A now wealthy citizen of the Australian Commonwealth loved to say that, when a working miner, with a wife and young family dependent upon him, he was faced with hard times. He worked his own claim, but weeks went by without finding the welcome gold. Their little stock of savings vanished, till finally they were reduced to bread and water.

God Had Never Allowed Them to Want. One memorable Saturday, before leaving for his work, he remarked to his wife that unless the washing of the week's dirt resulted favorably, there would not be even bread for the children's dinner on the following day. But the brave-hearted woman cheered him with the reminder that God had never yet allowed them to want, and that they had His promise that He never would.

Thus comforted, he started for the claim, only to discover on the cleaning up that there was not even the color of the precious metal to be seen for all his toil. The homecoming was a heavy-hearted business, and to his wife's eager inquiry his only answer was a look of despair. Still her woman's faith rose in the scale of disappointment. "Let us tell God all about it," she said, and must the empty table-knelt father and mother and children and poured out their trouble in prayer.

With a somewhat lighter heart the miner rose to his feet. Observing that the sky meanwhile had darkened with a coming storm, he remarked that, if they could not procure food for Sunday they could at least have warmth, and proceeded, axe in hand, to chop some wood.

The Light in the Track. Before he had time, however, to leave the door, the storm burst with a wild fury and the rain swept down in torrents. Then the sky suddenly cleared, and he started for the wood pile. In such a home, the track to the woodpile is usually a well-known path to the man of the house, and he had been asked that day whether he expected to find anything extraordinary in that well-beaten track, he would have judged it an idle question for what expectation could he have?

But, somehow, as he strode down the familiar path that Saturday afternoon, there came from the midst of the path a soft, sweet, glittering point of light. It was the work of the moment for him to stop his axe, bring out his knife and was around that shining speck, which grew larger as he worked, till he presently unearthed a nugget as big as his fist.

In a tumult of thankful joy he bore it to the house, laid it reverently on the table—and then and there father, mother, and children knelt again in thankful

(Continued foot of column 4)

operations of
Domore



ing
list

Styrenup Mansions,
Winnipeg.

your kind enquiries,
say that there is very
in my dear husband's
think that he think
on he was able to sit
on Friday evening
the "City," but some-
and all day Saturday he
a sore head. Men
they're sick.

here is anything really
as I am writing these
up in bed, shouting
as to what I am to put
an manage it, I shall
the letter when he
minutes. (All right, all
it.)

say, Mr. Editor, that
that nobody will take
says in these notes:
suppose. Of course,
they all understand
by the kindest of
all we are after is to
and make the people
the dear General tells
the War Cry." Sup-
bar friend, how many
weekly intellectual
nny says, "Brains is
that have brains will
afraid that is rather
understand if nobody

and mention—although
of the letter itself—
one up fifteen copies,
and Western—good old
he's my lad—has
g Soldiers," but, alas
TV he's come twenty
side, "that's how we
e days. (Don't worry
)

York, Mass.

state and "domore"
new order of "Crys"
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Musical Fraternity

An Adventure and a Trust

By an Old Bandsman

THE DANGER OF FAMILIARITY

WILL it be perfectly understood when I say that while familiarity with sacred things has, of course, untold advantages, it also has its risks? As somebody has said, the peril is lest it should obscure the vision by dulling expectancy. Here is an illustration which, I think, will help to make clear my point; it is a story which the late Commissioner Howard never tired of telling.

A now wealthy citizen of the Australian Commonwealth loved to say that, when a working miner, with a wife and young family dependent upon him, he was faced with hard times. He worked his own claim, but weeks went by without finding the welcome gold. Their little stock of savings vanished, till finally they were reduced to bread and water.

God Had Never Allowed Them to Want One memorable Saturday, before leaving for his work, he remarked to his wife that unless the washing of the week's dirt resulted favorably, there would not be even bread for the children's dinner on the following day. But the brave-hearted woman cheered him with the reminder that God had never yet allowed them to want, and that they had His promise that He never would.

Thus comforted, he started for the claim, only to discover on the cleaning up that there was not even the color of the precious metal to be seen for all his toil. The homecoming was a heavy-hearted business, and to his wife's eager inquiry his only answer was a look of dumb despair. Still her woman's faith rose in the scale of disappointment. "Let us tell God all about it," she said, and round the empty table knelt father and mother and children and poured out their trouble in prayer.

With a somewhat lighter heart the miner rose to his feet. Observing that the sky meanwhile had darkened with a coming storm, he remarked that, if they could not procure food for Sunday they could and should at least have warmth, and proceeded, axe in hand, to chop some wood.

The Light in the Track

Before he had time, however, to leave the door, the storm burst with a wild fury and the rain swept down in torrents. Then the sky suddenly cleared, and he started for the wood pile. In such a home, the track to the woodpile is usually a well-trodden path to the man of the house. Had he been asked that day whether he expected to find anything extraordinary in that well-beaten track, he would have judged it an idle question, for what expectation could he have? Did he not know every inch of it by heart?

But, so enough, as he strode down the familiar path that Saturday afternoon, there appeared from the midst of the path at his very feet, a glittering point of light. It was but the work of the moment for him to drop his axe, bring out his knife and walk around that shining speck, which grew larger as he worked, till he presently unearthed a nugget as big as his fist.

In a tumult of thankful joy he bore it to the house, laid it reverently on the table—and then and there father, mother, and children knelt again in thankful

(Continued foot of column 4)

I AM putting this article on this page, first—because it is primarily addressed to those who, I flatter myself, most do read herein; and—secondly—because if I put it elsewhere those self-same friends of mine may not read it at all. I am not greatly concerned that others may overlook it, but I certainly do wish you to read it.

I have been searching around for a Scripture quotation upon which to base my sermon, and am not quite sure that I have found it, but I could just as easily find one in Shakespeare, or even in Dickens or John Bunyan. Shakespeare would say:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune."

The Scripture says: "While I was busy here and there, he was gone." Do you remember that old tale? It is told in First Kings, Chapter 20. It is a prophet who relates it, it is a parable he is telling, the context of which need not trouble us now.

"Thy Life for his Life"

"The prophet waited for the king by the way, and disguised himself with ashes upon his face. And as the King passed by, he cried unto the king; and he said, 'Thy servant went out into the midst of the battle; and, behold, a man turned aside, and brought a man unto me, and said, 'Keep this man; and if by any means he be missing, then shall thy life be for his life, or else thou shalt pay—' And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.'"

It is my fancy that Shakespeare had in mind a mariner of his day; everything all ready for the voyage; the cargo securely holded; all shipshape for the journey—just waiting for the tide.

And the tide comes in. The harbour is full, and the vessel swinging at her anchor—eager to be off on the adventurous journey. But the crew is engaged elsewhere, the Captain is away on his affairs; maybe in a tavern close by the waterside, carousing as the tide flows and ebbs, and then, as the old Bard says:

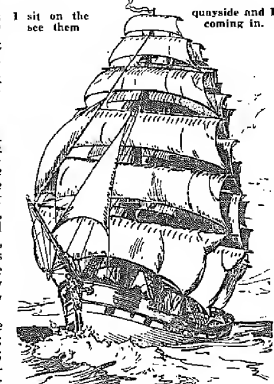
"... All the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and miseries."

I am old enough now to see some of the once youthful voyagers coming home. I sit on the quayside and I see them coming in, with the westering sun lighting up the sails of their tempest-marked vessels; I see the glow on the faces of the ship's-men as they

come around into the harbour—all the glory of a successful journey is on their countenances.

And I sit and wait for others who will never return. They put off their sailing until "the time of the flood was o'er," and they discovered no new lands, found no treasures—they lie out in the wild, weary waste of waters, and we just hope that, unknown to us, they really did accomplish something.

Then the other picture—"I was busy here and there, and he was gone." Shakespeare speaks of an opportunity missed; the old Prophet



tells of a trust misplaced. In each case the effect was the same.

In one, the loss was occasioned by a want of readiness, by pleasure-seeking; in the other it was carelessness—a fussiness, maybe, over matters that really did not count, here and there—and gone.

And now I am by the wayside of life, and I see those to whom a solemn charge was given—some precious treasure committed—something that the King valued greatly, for it had cost Him fighting and blood. Then those to whom this trust has been given turn to their own paltry affairs, their own busy-ness—and I see that when the King calls for His own

again—it is gone. Sad the day!

Say, young fellow! Do you see the point of my moralising? Do you see the thing that I see? No. It is scarcely to be expected that you would, for I have been by the wayside and on the quayside of life for many a year, whereas you are but young, and life is just a gay adventure; just a dream; just a sketch.

Cannot you realise that God calls you? God really, actually calls you. He says, and the word is as truly His as any Scripture word that was ever written, "Let us then be up and doing."

Adventure in your Blood

Have you ever felt the tingling of adventure in your blood? Youth calling out to eternal youth. Fields of honour and renown to be possessed. Heights of glory to be taken. Have you not?

I call you to an adventure glorious beyond them all. Achievements to be made; treasures priceless to be possessed. I call you to the service of One Who stepped out on the greatest adventure that ever man or angel undertook. An adventure of storm and tempest, of arduous days and dark nights, of billows and buffetings right on to the end—right on, maybe, until you come to anchor in the harbour again. But an adventure of things possessed for the King.

I call you to a trust more honourable than any that was ever created. To the guardianship of the "dedicated things" of our most holy faith. I call you, did I say? No, no, a hundred times no—it is the King Himself who calls.

And this adventure; this trust—what is it? It is the adventure of Calvary; the trust of God—the trust of souls immortal. His treasures in the uttermost lands of the earth, as well as His precious possessions near us—by the wayside. Those "for whom Christ died."

You Young Fellows!

You young fellows! You young women! With youth and vigour and virility and intelligence and a Salvation which has been given to you by Jesus Christ. Will you not leave your safe moorings, lay aside your pleasures, your triflings—leave them all, and come out—out where the full tides flow. Out where you can let down your net, and where the "take" shall be such as will give you an eternal weight of glory. Oh, come out where the winds of the opportunities of God are blowing. Will you not?

Or—will you let the Lord Jesus go on a lonely way? Will you see Him setting out to do His Father's will, and catch His last backward beseeching glance, and hear Him say, as He goes away—"And ye would not." Will you? What do you say, what will you do?

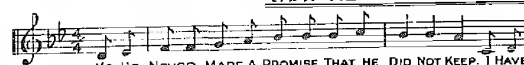
"In the glad morning of my days,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come!" "A."

praise to Him who had thus turned their sighing into singing, and their night into day.

There's your lesson for you, my comrades. There are treasures for us, far beyond all telling, in the sweetly familiar ways of religion and spiritual experience, if we will but—keep on.

HE NEVER MADE A PROMISE

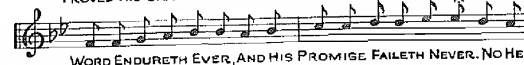
THAT HE DID NOT KEEP.



NO HE NEVER MADE A PROMISE THAT HE DID NOT KEEP. I HAVE



PROVED HIS GRACE IS MIGHTY AND HIS LOVE IS DEEP. THAT HIS



WORD ENDURETH EVER, AND HIS PROMISE FAILETH NEVER. NO HE



NEVER MADE A PROMISE THAT HE DID NOT KEEP.

Susan was done with the quiet country; she must get right in the thick of it. She saw how Dad thrived in the Army. She saw how Dad thrived for full opportunities of soldiering. She had only to see the gleefulness with which he threw himself into the Owen-Air

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